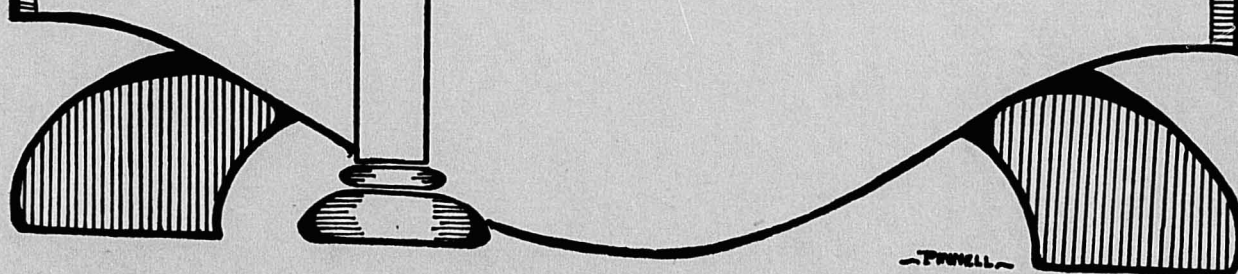


THE CLEAM



WINDMOOR



—FOWELL—

The Gleam

Vol. 3

Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., November, 1924

No. 1

MY CREED.



WOULD be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving and forget the gift;

I would be humble, for I know my weakness;

I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walter.

The Candle-Holder

"I will be a candle-holder and look on".—Shakespeare.

Hallowe'en Eve the Academy Freshmen entertained the School with a delightful party. Not in the figurative sense at all does one think of that party as the one rift in the clouds that day, for Kansas City was the scene of a tropical wind-storm. With the present cult for the Arabic desert tales in fiction and cinema the thought presents itself that too much 'hokum' enters therein. How can a picture of winsomeness such as Agnes Ayres and Alice Terry present in desert scenes even be imagined? I feel the symptoms of a 'disillusion complex' so must away.

The Thomas Cook Touring Company reports an ever increasing number of tourists in China. Indeed China must be a revelation to the keen observer. Apropos of this land, an American resident there recently wrote that in China the pagans adore bronze idols, while in more civilized countries they adore themselves. And how ugly are all idols!

A short time ago our President gave an interesting talk to the College girls on school life in general. The sincere interest displayed by the girls during Mother's discussion reminded me of what Olga Petrova said. In the course

of a curtain talk following The Hurricane Madame Petrova said that the greatest tribute to a speaker is an absolute absence of sound. She pointed out that to stage folk, this was the most forcible encouragement. When one does think of it, applause is an action of suggestion; a few clap, then all clap. However, only when one is interested in one still.

Anne Nichol's Abie's Irish Rose has been running in New York for the past two years and has, besides, sixteen road companies. What a will o' the wisp success is! The play, while it is entertaining in a superficial sense, has much of the slapstick comedy element. None of us want submerged humor, but a little subtlety now and then is gratifying. Abie's Irish Rose has enjoyed a record breaking attendance while in Kansas City. The Deluge played to almost vacant houses during its week here.

Why is the sense of the pathetic so reoccurring? As we all know, Harvey's at midnight is the scene of much gaiety—a rendezvous for home-going pleasure seekers. One night last week a shabbily dressed man entered with a tired little boy hanging on his arm. The little chap wanted a chocolate eclair, but the father answered: "No, sonny, doughnuts are two for fifteen".

The rest of the evening, including an inviting club sandwich, was ruined for me.

—Genevieve Dillon.

Initiation From a Freshman's Point of View

It was a wild night, and as I stepped cautiously through the hall a thousand horrors ran through my brain striking me dumb, but a vague curiosity prompted me onward. That the result would be nothing short of death, I had not a doubt. Ah, what was that which moved, so slowly, yet so surely through the shadows? Perspiration burst from every pore and stood in big cold beads upon my forehead. Still all was silent save the violent knocking of my heart against my weak and feeble frame. The agony of suspense grew intolerable, I dared

not move, and there stole into my fancy like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave.

Suddenly, great forms reached out to clutch me in their deadly grasp. Trembling convulsively in every fibre I thrust my hands wildly in all directions but in vain. Oh, horror—oh any horror but this, the blackness of eternal night encompassed me and I could see no more. Then down—down—unceasingly and inevitably—down till a hideous dizziness oppressed me. Would I be left to perish in this subterranean world of darkness?

Finally my outstretched hand which I continued to fling to right and left encountered an object very smooth and cold. Was I embracing death so soon? With a wild shriek I shrank back only to be pushed onward. There could be no doubt as to the designs of my tormenters. In the next instant I was plunged headlong into a great cauldron of pitch, which, to my surprise, tasted very sweet. I could struggle no more, for I had fallen upon its deadly brink. What balm to a tortured soul, that peace at last. I was exhausted—sick unto death with that long agony and when at length they unbound me, I felt that my senses had departed. Where was I, and in what state was I? For the moment at least I was free. Free—I had escaped those terrible jaws of death, only to find myself a part of that great and wonderful body of superior individuals—The Seniors.

—Lenadore Bass.

Thanksgiving Day

The days are growing weary
And sunshine goes to bed too soon,
And yet, before November's through
Comes one day bright as June.

A day when happy faces
Make sunshine under skies of gray,
When gladness is in hearts that sing

To keep Thanksgiving Day.

—Maureen Homan.

The Gleam

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Editorial

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," said old Cervantes in his "Don Quixote". I have been able to find no truer words between the covers of Mr. Webster's renowned book. Your "Gleam" is a brand new pudding to you four times a year. After you have digested each issue thoroughly, does it leave you with a gingery taste on your palate or just the nondescript sensation of eating boiled potatoes without any salt? The staff wants you to have a new pleasant taste every time you sample your pudding this year. There will be ginger and cinnamon in the fun and laughter you get out of it, there will be salt and pepper (cayenne, if you please, and paprika, too) in the sayings of our school wits, the richness of butter and cream in some of our sketches, the sweetness of sugar in some of our delectable moonlight romances, and the stability of flour and baking powder in our comments and uncommon sense articles. If any of our pudding should, by some calamity fail to come up to this culinary standard and leave you a flat unsalted taste, remind yourself that each one is a potential cook with some ingredient to contribute. If we could by some wizardry of Aladdin mix the spices and sugar of every girl's personality into our pudding, verily we should have a dish fit to set before a king!

—The Editor.

Thanksgiving

To a great many people Thanksgiving means no school; to others it means an unusually good dinner

and two helpings of desert; to some it means having company; to others it means going away; and to a great many it means—nothing at all.

No matter where or how you spend the day, try to make it mean something, and remember that you have things to be thankful for as well as other people. Try to make other people glad, and you will be glad that they are glad, and they will be glad that you are glad that they are glad.

—Maureen Honan.

When Christmas Is Coming

It has been a peculiar custom of boarding school habitues to devote a great portion of their priceless study hours to the labor of counting up the weeks, days, and hours, or minutes, that intervene until Christmas. The reason why students should spend their hours in exactly this form of nonsense is, of course, beyond the comprehension of the school faculty. But such things happen annually, and there must be some cause underlying this unusual mental activity.

In the heart of everyone there is a reverence and charm in the word, Christmas. To children, life is a series of Christmases between which an unnecessary summer or spring occurs. During youth and manhood these childhood habits still exist. We often find a father or mother claiming momentary proprietorship of the baby's doll or railroad. Isn't that childishness? So the habits of childhood continue to live, deep down in our hearts, in some shape or other; and many times they rise into action. The habit of counting the days until Christmas, while away at school, is but another example.

That magic personality, Santa Claus, is always in the mind at Christmas. Many are the nights that he is the lure of dreams. Our present day gross materialism has somewhat lessened the charming personality of that individual but has not destroyed it. It shall never be destroyed; Santa Claus shall ever be.

Just as Christmas has its special charms, surprises, and joys for the little ones, so too, there is a certain fascination in it for older folks, and especially is this true for those who are away at school. When Christmas time is coming, one can notice the smiles and cheerfulness, and the sudden inspiration for hard study. And sometimes one notices the day-dream look in the wandering eye. The Christmas spirit comes to everyone, even the most hard-hearted.

Why shouldn't it? What boarding school student doesn't experience a happy sensation when she thinks of mother's Christmas dinner? Who doesn't know where the fruit cakes, candies and nuts are hidden in the pantry? Who doesn't anticipate the

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Christmas tree and taking candy, popcorn, and nuts from it? And aside from these desires, isn't there an eagerness to see mother and all the loved ones at home?

—Maureen Honan.

Fructus Inter Folia

The October issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* offers excerpts from a Revolutionary Diary in *The Doughboy of 1780*. In these days, when the ghost of the post-war spirit of discontent still prevails, the self-sacrifice and courage revealed in this article is most refreshing. The indomitable "spirit of '76" puts to shame the indifferent Americanism of today.

In the November 1 *Ave Maria*, *A Fresh Attack on Christianity*, Mr. Stanley James brings to our notice the ruthless attitude of the Bolsheviks toward the traditional form of family life. Leon Trotsky's measures against family life are described in his *Problems of Life*, a book that is causing much discussion in Europe today. Communal houses have been established where creches care for the children of the families living therein. On the specious plea of giving women greater freedom the family is attacked. Trotsky frankly says: "The blow to the power of the church is also a blow to the power of the family". Surely the church has a shifting battle ground; the slogans of unbelief change from age to age.

The monthly treat from Scribner's is tid-bits of William Lyon Phelps' interests in *As I Like It*. He nominates for the *Ignoble Prize*, Edmund Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with America*. This oration, he declares, to be the reason for boys' penchant to run away to sea—"It is more fun to con a ship than to con such stuff as this".

Mr. Phelps comments with regret upon the death of Joseph Conrad whom he met when the distinguished author visited America in 1923. Mr. Phelps pays tribute to the latter by saying—"I found him as simple and lovable in character as he was austere in art."

—Genevieve Dillon.

The Umbrella of the Home

There are many kinds of umbrellas. There are stout cotton ones, gay silk ones, ridiculous lace ones, and there is the umbrella of the home. Perhaps you don't recognize that one. It performs the duty of the stout cotton umbrella as a protection against bad weather, or the silk one, against the hot rays of the sun. It even has something in common with the little lace affair, for unique designs may be contrived upon its surface. The umbrella of the home is no other than the roof of your house.

And don't roofs play a momentous part in our lives? Whether it be kitchenette or mansion does not alter its importance. It is one of those things which we can't get away from. And why? Just because it expresses the human being's inborn sense of home—a sense which is inherent in all people of all times.

It may be the canvas roof of the gypsy man, or the flat roof of a sordid tenement, or the tile roof of a palatial residence. Though they have not the same material significance, their true meaning, nevertheless, is unchanged.

And how good a roof seems to us at night! We may be out the livelong day and enjoy it thoroughly but when the shadows lengthen and it begins to grow dark, and we see the first, tiny, twinkling star, then is the time when we "want a roof to keep away the sky".

—Catherine Muehlschuster.

Impressions While Going to and from School

The crimson of the rising sun staining a cloud-bedecked sky—the cold clear droplets of dew hanging on the slowly fading grass—the rustle of the dying leaves when the wind passes through the trees, which are daily becoming more bare—the clang and rattle of the street car as it rushes up like a giant one-eyed insect—grim, gay and gloomy faces—a soft southern voice—a whiff of cheap perfume—a wide grin which displays rows of startlingly white teeth in a dusky face—the man who reads the newspaper systematically—the girl with the artistic complexion, absurdly tiny feet, and high heels, with the appealing, helpless look which usually gets her a street car seat—the man who cleans his fingernails with a pen-knife, one can just imagine him mowing his lawn on Sunday morning at 5:00 A. M. Once more the clear fresh air—a long breath-taking climb up a hill—a wide gate dignified but homey, welcoming one to step inside—a little sign which warns the ruthless intruder kindly and firmly by its "Private Please"—a path that can't make up its mind

to run straight—a few steps, a slamming door, a wide hall—and School!

Going home through the warm dusk—a lovely sight, a bed of flowers, violet and white which add their bit of color to the reds and golds of the autumn leaves—umbrella-like trees with broad leaves—a wide stretch of lawn still green, myriad shaped roofs jutting out of the green—a long sloping avenue of trees—a yellow, noisy street car. Sightings in quick succession through the window—a park-like drive, a stone wall covered with over-hanging shrubs—a school yard filled with children swinging and playing—the bustle of business—a beauty shop—fruit stores like horns of plenty displaying their wares, baskets of tomatoes and golden pumpkins—an antique shop with its spinning wheel and ancient treasures—two men with huge baskets of beautiful red velvety-petalled flowers—a jolting exit from the car—the odor of burning leaves—the delightful crackle of fallen leaves when you walk through them—a pleasant bark—a small welcoming dog—and home.

—Helen Gruneau.

Mission Notes.

The St. Teresa Unit of the C. S. M. C. held its first meeting shortly after the beginning of school. Helen Ree Honan was elected President, Catherine Muehlschuster, Vice-President, Mary Margaret Connoles, Secretary; and Mary Purcell, Treasurer. The Unit started its activities with its usual zest and vigor. The Seniors set the example by giving a wienie roast at Swope Park in late October. The Juniors entertained next with a picture show and the College Freshmen have made plans for a benefit card party to be held at Visitation Hall November 22nd. The attendance at the meetings and benefits is a good indication of the Mission spirit. The Unit has pledged its support so we have reason to believe that great things may be expected of our Crusaders. It has given spiritual as well as financial aid and under the guidance of our President and with the co-operation of every girl, we shall continue our good work and be an inspiration to fellow Crusaders.

Expression Notes

The members of the College Public Speaking Class, feeling the need of better reading, are enjoying a few weeks' study in oral interpretation. They feel that they have derived both pleasure and benefit from the analysis of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" by Longfellow, and "Her First Appearance" by Richard Harding Davis.

The Seniors are busily rehearsing a series of one act plays to be given before Christmas. The Sophomores are also preparing for a Christmas play and the grade children are going to present "The Birds' Christmas Carol." Judging from this we shall have an abundance of Christmas atmosphere about the school.

Miss Helene Berger entertained the Parent-Teacher Association with a program of three readings at the Swinney School, on Friday night, October 24th.

When I Went to the Concert

I went to a concert one beautiful day

To hear a wonderful orchestra play. One man played a harp, another a 'cello.

And one played a drum, a great big fat fellow.

And some played the horn, and some played the fiddle

And a man with a stick stood up in the middle.

I'll never forget that beautiful day When I went to hear the orchestra play.

—Maureen Honan.

With Palette and Brush

The studio is a riot of color these days. The students began their work in form and color from most commonplace models, but the grouping is very artistic. The old yellow bowl, the little brown pitcher, when filled with a bunch of zinnias of gorgeous color, gathered from our own gardens, make attractive studies. Some really excellent work has been done.

There is a very satisfactory enrollment in the art classes this year. Work in commercial art, water colors and china painting is well started. At present, the girls are working on water color productions for Christmas gifts. After their completion, regular class work will be resumed.

Several new casts have been purchased for the studio. The new ones include: Hermes, taken from the statue Olympia; Portrait of a Young Girl by Luca della Robbia, the original in the Bargello in Florence; Maiden of Lille attributed to Raphael, the original in the Museum at Lille, France; Laughing Boy by Donatello, the original in the Bargello in Florence; Lion's Head by Donatello, the original in Florence; Saint Cecilia by Donatello, original in London; Angel Head, Fragment of Relief over a door in Duomo, Florence, by Nanni d'Antonio Banco.

After the second week in December, there will be an exhibition of Christmas cards in the studio painted by the art students.

The Weakling

Richard J. Allen sat staring into the fire of his dimly lit library. He was trying in vain to shake off the image of the incident of that afternoon. How proud he had been to be sending Dick, Jr., off to his old Alma Mater. And then—he stirred uneasily in his chair as though the thought disturbed him how well he remembered Bill Townsend's coming into the station followed by his stalwart son.

In former days Bill and he had been on the teams at old Colburn and had worked with might and main to make her victorious. After they had left the old school he knew that Bill, as well as himself, had cherished the idea of some day sending back to Colburn a boy—a son who could maintain all her old glories and traditions and bring new victories.

Then he remembered with a twinge of conscience, the jealous admiration he had given to Bill, Jr.'s full six feet of height, his broad shoulders, and the athletic manner in which he had swung himself aboard the train. Fiddlesticks! One would almost imagine he was ashamed of his own boy's meager height and slender and lightly built frame, as though a few inches more or less made the man! But as much as he tried to dispel it the thought and guilty feeling remained that he was sending a weakling to maintain the honor of his Alma Mater.

The father believed that the little incident at the station was a secret to all but himself. He did not know that his boy's alert eyes had caught that look of unwilling tribute to another's physical superiority; and that the unerring precision of sensitive youth realized the disapproval and disappointment of the father in his son's physical shortcoming. Richard Allen, Sr. would have been surprised if he had seen the queer light which crept into his boy's steady, grey eyes and the setting of his jaw with a movement which made his usually pleasant mouth draw into one straight line.

* * *

It had become almost a sacred pilgrimage with Richard Allen to attend the Thanksgiving foot-ball game at Colburn. This year there was the added attraction of ideal foot-ball weather and the fact that Colburn was playing her traditional rival, Millhurst, for the championship.

The huge bowl was filled to overflowing—giggling girls with large bunches of golden chrysanthemums tied with the school colors, sleek-haired youths tooting shrill horns, flying pennants, and the cries of the candy butchers as they made their way through the crowds all adding to the general air of excitement and festivity. Then as the

team appeared, a great cheer, deafening and enthusiastic, burst out over the field. The band began to play the school's song.

"Jove, how it brings back the old days", Allen muttered under his breath.

Then the shrill whistle of the referee and the game was on. Colburn had the first kick-off and did not surrender the ball until they had marched down the field for a touchdown. Then for the rest of the first half it was a terrific struggle from one thirty yard line to another. Neither team scored again.

But with the beginning of the second half there was a noticeable change. Millhurst was slowly but persistently breaking through Colburn's line for long gains. Then came the inevitable touchdown which tied the score.

Colburn wasn't playing up to form but the team was staging a great battle to prevent Millhurst from scoring again. Finally Colburn's plucky fullback got the ball and made a desperate attempt to break through the line. His effort was costly, however, because he was injured and taken out of the game.

A small player in an unsoiled jersey was seen to make his way to the referee. He was the inexperienced substitute fullback taking the injured man's place. There was something vaguely familiar about the figure to Allen and when the bowl rang with "Yeh, Dick! Yeh, Allen!" there could be no doubt, it was Dick, Jr.

Allen knew that a tie game would be as bad as a defeat and he also knew that it rested with his boy to furnish that added strength and force which would make Colburn score. They were playing again. Dick, Jr. received a pass and started down the field. But the cheer which had issued from the hoarse crowd died in their throats as a burly tackle brought Dick down and he crumpled in a limp mass.

His father's heart turned to lead. Was the boy really a weakling? Would he be crushed like a puny pygmy in the first second of competition with strong men? A thousand doubts and fears rushed through his troubled brain.

But Dick was slowly getting on his feet. He shook his head as if to dispel the clouds that floated before his eyes. He wasn't thinking now, he was following some blind instinct which told him he must go back, he must score!

The game was tied and there were three minutes left to play. "We want a touchdown! We want a touchdown!" roared the spectators.

After a quiet interchange of plays Dick received the ball. He started around the left end, found three op-

ponents ready for him, cut back through tackle, and like the incarnation of persistency and determination which stops at no human obstacles, he shook off the secondary defense men and punted down the field to a touchdown!

In all the crowd that rushed around Dick, only one face stood out in clear relief. It was his father's face and it wore a mingled expression of humility, admiration, and pride. And then, when the noisy crowd had gone and they were left alone, came the words which remained indelibly printed on the boy's mind for life:

"I'm proud of you, my boy! I thank God for such a son".

—Helen Gruneau.

November

The wind comes creeping over the hill,
Like a child frightened at play,
Bringing along the November chill,
For Autumn has sped away.

Looking for miles around
All is cold and bare,
Nothing but frozen ground,
With a frequent trace of a hare.

Not a leaf is left on the tree,
Not a bird is left in the nest,
Winter has come for you and for me,
Winter, fair Nature's time of rest.

We welcome it for it brings, it seems,
A song to our lives, a happy song,
Found hidden in golden dreams
And in the hearts of the throng.

—Lolita Ha gus.

'Anticipation'

Really 'tis hard for us to know
Which sport we like the best,
Each in its turn seems to be the one
Until we come to the next.

Basket-ball season has just arrived,
And truly we're glad it's come,
For if there's a sport we must prefer
Surely, basketball is the one.

Why, just to think of the games,
you know,
It gives us the biggest thrill,
The expectant crowd, the loyal school
Whose cheers the gym will fill.

And then the team, the glorious team
Who wonders will perform,
Whose spirit never will be downed,
Whose game we'll never mourn.

And now, if we just remember,
Though we may never be herald' by
fame,
The greatest tribute we can receive
is,

"Windmoor has played the game."
—Catherine Muehlschuster.

Where There Is a Will, There is a Way

Mr. Meredith was a very old lawyer and somewhat forgetful. His friends begged him to retire, but he hung on stubbornly and refused to quit.

This morning he was very much perplexed. One of his very old patrons had died, leaving a large estate, and the will could not be found. He had also lost some bonds. He seemed to have a great deal to worry him.

At the same time Betty Hilders was entertaining a friend in her home. His name was Raymond Fangler and the two were very much in love. They had intended to get married in a few months but on account of the death of Raymond's father the event had had to be postponed.

As they were quietly talking, the front door bell rang and Betty jumped up to answer it.

"This must be my bonds", she said re-entering the room, rapidly opening the envelope.

"It's a wonder old Mr. Meredith didn't forget them".

She sat down on the lounge and emptied the contents of the folder into her lap. She picked up the paper that fell out and gazed at it in bewilderment. It wasn't her bonds at all, but a will. She read through it quickly and looked up puzzled.

"It's a will", she said "leaving me an estate and oodles of money. I suppose some relative died that I've never heard of".

"Oh, Betty," Raymond said, "why did this have to happen? I can't possibly marry you now". He handed her some bonds.

"I got these the other day", he said, "I guess they are all I shall get out of my father's will. I haven't talked to Meredith lately".

"Oh, Raymond," she said, "does that make any difference, I'll have enough for us both".

"I couldn't live on your money", he replied, "I was going to ask you to wait until I made good, but I can't now. Goodby, Betty", he said, leaving the house.

Betty sank down on the lounge and sobbed as though her heart would break. At last she brought herself to look at the will again. She started reading slowly and then suddenly she jumped up, her face illumined with a smile.

"Oh, it's too good to be true", she said.

She ran upstairs and fairly threw on her coat and hat and was out of the house in a minute. She jumped into her car and drove away like the wind. Policemen meant nothing to her and finally she drew the car up in front of a massively built office building and darted up the steps like someone mad. She paused before a door to get her breath and then pushed it open. Raymond was there busily fingering

his hat. He stood up as she entered and came over to her.

"Why, what are you doing here, Betty", he asked.

"I might ask you the same thing, she said, but I haven't the time. You'll have to wait and see".

She pushed by him into the inner office.

"Oh, Mr. Meredith," she said, "I'm so glad I didn't miss you".

"Sit down, Betty", he said. "Betty, I'm very much worried about your bonds, I—

"Why worry about bonds," Betty interrupted. "Gaze upon those and tell me what you think".

She thrust the will into his hands and waited for his reply.

"Why," he said, "this is the will I've been looking for all week. Where did you get it?"

Not waiting for an answer he walked out and called Raymond in. He gave him the paper as he entered. Raymond looked at him in amazement.

"But what about those bonds", he said, "I thought they were all I got from the will".

He handed them over to the old lawyer.

"Oh, dear", said Mr. Meredith, "this is certainly a mess. Betty, here are your bonds".

Then they all laughed. They understood how it was. Mr. Meredith had absent-mindedly put the things in the wrong envelopes and each had received what the other was supposed to have received.

"Well", said Raymond, "I suppose Mr. Meredith, you'll be a witness, won't you?"

"A witness to what?" said Betty.

"Why, our marriage of course," Raymond replied.

—Margaret Pinnell.

Around the Circle

On October 14th, Mr. Crosse made his first advisory visit to the college for the school year 1924-1925. Mr. Crosse's visits mean so much to the music students for upon examining them, he is always ready with suggestions and helpful points that encourage and promote a greater interest in musical ability.

The music classes have already shown their appreciative interest in good music by their attendance at the program rendered by the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra at Convention Hall on October 30th.

As a distinguishing feature, the students of this department will present a series of monthly recitals. In this way, a wider knowledge and a greater appreciation will be cultivated among the students. The first of these recitals will be given by the Senior Academic pupils. Remember that November 24th is the date of the first recital. Let's all be there.

There is a large enrollment in the Music Appreciation class this year. All the members are taking a vital interest in their work.

A violin choir composed of the more advanced students has been organized. 'Round the music circle, on every Monday afternoon at three o'clock, one finds this enthusiastic choir in earnest practice. It is hoped that we may secure their assistance in the activities of the school throughout the year.

For the little folks of this department, a Rhythm orchestra has been arranged. Since in much of the music it is the peculiarity of the rhythm that offers the greatest difficulty it is wise that such an orchestra has been formed. All the girls are doing good work and this orchestra is miniature only in the way of physique. The practice hour is the period from three to four o'clock on Friday afternoons.

The students of the voice department have also begun their work. All are very enthusiastic and there are promises of good work. We hear many expressions of pleasure concerning the ensemble vocal work this year. This is rather unusual, but the students are beginning to realize the true value of such work in these days of community 'sings'.

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Dancing Notes

Instead of the customary May fete on the lawn, Mrs. Connor has planned a ballet to be given on the stage, in the earlier part of February. It will be quite an elaborate little affair with special costuming and scenic effects. Every class will take part and the private pupils will have principal parts.

The Sophomores did such excellent work last year that by special permission they are studying Greek dancing this year. We understand that they are working like the proverbial Trojans and will have some excellent bits of interpretative dancing to show for their efforts.

Betty Sullivan, a Junior and a private pupil, is doing some very noteworthy work on a very difficult dance called "May".

The College dancing class has gained permission for the use of pastel shaded dancing frocks this year instead of the usual black. The frocks have failed to appear but Mrs. Connor still has some faint hopes that they may do so.

Among the Books

Truly, the library these days is the workshop of the entire school. No more inviting place could be found than Windmoor's library with its multi-colored book-lined walls, its pots of late autumn flowers, its white curtained windows, and leather settees. It is very scholastic in its quiet and yet very pleasant. Certainly it is the most popular spot in the whole building.

There are a number of new books in the library which possibly you can make use of in your very next essay or theme. At any rate they are interesting reading. Here they are:

The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians—Pratt.

Two and Two Make Four—Coler.

The United States of America—From the Civil War—Muzzey.

British History in the 19th Century—Trevelyan.

Dynamic Psychology—Moore.

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The Education of Women—Goodsell.

The Making of Modern English—Slator.

The Catholic's Work in the World—Hasslein, S. J.

The Classical Investigation—By The American Classical League.

To see, to know, to understand
All of my lessons—is something grand!

Not a mere pastime called 'bluff'
Nor the aid of willing classmates sent.

'Tis the joy of the teachers true—the students'

Peace of soul, of heart, of mind,
'Tis an aid when quizzes fly
To know that nothing was passed by.

Oh! knowledge so far-reaching
In history, literature, and all,
To thee I offer eight hours daily
That I may know more the next fall.
Oh, learning, can't you come to me
And make me remember more each day

And bring me a folio that knows it all

To beside me sit that I may not fall.

—Mary Louise Straub.

"Sambo, whuts a university?"
"A university am a place where they teach yuh how to starve to death in a gentlemunly an' cultured mannah".

When one considers some of our late songs, one doesn't wonder why our largest prison is called Sing-Sing.

Edwin Markham, the poet, says that Henry Ford is another Lincoln. Call in the garage man. He'll know better.

We heard that a college professor said that long legs indicated superior intelligence. At least they would indicate loftier thought.

Maybe some of these doleful looking gentlemen that we see downtown are hairpin manufacturers.


Scenario Writer—"Then two burglars enter and the clock strikes one".

Actors (in unison)—"Which one?"

He (passionately) "Why are the snowflakes dancing?"

She (bored) "Practicing for the snowball, I guess".





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W.W.
[I'M THE WINDMOOR WATCHMAN]

Reflection

Did you ever stop and ponder—
Things of life, no matter where,
Need some systematic culture,
Born of toil and not despair?

How a true ambitious gardener
Plants a seed of tree or flower,
How he diligently watches
Its slow progress, hour by hour.

Keeps it free from weeds and briars,
Shelters it from things that blast?
Then he finds his work rewarded
With true symmetry at last.

Life is but one wondrous garden,
Each soul a seed so rare,
Planted here by the Creator,
Work of man cannot compare.

And true gardeners are the Sisters,
Who by charity and love,
Nourish each and every flower,
Helped by guidance from above.

Not one single soul created
Will be blasted by this strife
If it but regards the teaching
Of the Sisters in this life.

What a blessing this endowment.
What a peace it grieves the soul,
Knowing God has placed His Gard-
eners

To direct us to the Goal.

Here are lives of pure devotion
And of charity of heart,
We should bow down and respect
them—

Not of us—something apart.

Had we each but one small quota
Of their charity of soul,
Life to them would be much brighter,
Helping us to reach our goal.

So three cheers for "Mother Pius"
And the Sisters, one and all,
Thankful for this light of Heaven,
Shining out from "Windmoor Hall."
—Billie Bellport and her Father.

Fate

There was a time we might have met.
By chance we might have danced
together

Only it snowed that night and I
Stayed snug at home fearing the
weather.

And once I saw you on the street
'Twas lilac time, with fragrance
heavy

You perchance would have stopped
to speak but I
Hailing a cab was gone already.

You might have looked, I might
have smiled,

We didn't, and I can't see why
We didn't know that you were you
And I was I, just strangers passing
by.

How odd to think we might have been
Sun, moon and stars unto each
other

Only that I turned down one little
street,

As you went up another.
—Mary Randolph.

Girls need such a number
Of highly priced things
Methinks that their Dads
Need the income of kings.

One of the Senior College girls
boarded a street car the other day
and nonchalantly handed the con-
ductor her English assignment in-
stead of the usual transfer. Just
another indication that we fairly
bury ourselves in our work.

Policeman to Seniors—"Hey, you.
What's the matter?"

Senior in traffic jam—"Well,
you see, I just had my car washed,
and I can't do a thing with it".

Sister—"I played Mah Jong last
night with a solid ivory set".

Brother—"Who were they?"

Little Girl (speaking in quivering
voice to a big, heavy-browed man
with glittering knife) "Have you no
heart?"

Man (growlingly)—"No".

Little Girl—"Well, then, I'll take
ten cent's worth of liver".

Athletic Notes

This year for the first time, we
have had volley ball, real teams and
a pennant for the victor. These
inter-class games were played be-
tween the first and fifteenth of
October and seemingly volley ball
won a number of enthusiasts. The
Sophomores won the final game,
thereby receiving a gold and white
pennant with their class numerals
on it. We feel that beside prepar-
ing us for basketball, volley ball
with its inter-class competition pro-
moted that much-coveted thing call-
ed school spirit.

There was a General Athletic
Meeting held October 13th. The
students elected Mary Margaret Con-
nole as Athletic Manager, and Nellie
Widman as Assistant Manager. Mrs.
Connor, our physical director ex-
plained the plans outlined for the
coming basketball season. Each
class will have a representative team
and inter-class games will be played
between Thanksgiving and Christmas.
A banner will be given the victorious
team as in volley ball.

The Squad proper will be chosen
before Christmas. Both college and
high students will make up the school
team which will be known as the
'Windmoor' team. There is an
abundance of basketball material this
year and nothing short of a dire
calamity could dim our prospects of
a winning team.

Girls, let's come up to our coach's
expectations of us in this matter of
coming out for basketball. Wind-
moor is a very bee-hive for activity
and let's not slight athletics. Dur-
ing those volley-ball games, we heard
much of the great things Windmoor
would do in the coming basketball
season. Let's make our word good.
Don't make your coach search the
building for needed players. Are
we so centered in our own interests
that we can afford to let Windmoor's
basketball reputation suffer? Girls
of other years have made Windmoor
teams famous for splendid playing
and splendid sportsmanship. Shall
we do less?

We think some Windmoor College
girls ought to go after and get the
college letter that the University of
Missouri is offering for scholastic and
athletic attainments. Some of the
Senior College girls have already
walked 20 miles in two hikes of 10
miles each for their 100-mile walk-
ing event. Only 80 more miles,
girls! What are you doing?

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And

There was a young lady at school
Whose language was under command
Of a word despised by her teachers,
That long suffering, over-worked
"And".

The harassed young lady
Was often the jest of the school
No matter what might be the subject,
"And" was always her trusted tool.

She used **And** for a period,
She used **And** for a clause,
She **Anded** her way through High
School
And College without a pause.

Perhaps if we can follow
Her career, with no great fault
We'll find she will rest at last
In a beautiful vine-covered vault
"And".

—Kathleen McDonald.

Tid-Bits

Evolution: Dress \$10.75; frock \$35.00; gown \$65.00; creation \$225.

Now, if some super-intelligent individual could just translate tiddly-winks into Chinese and charge \$25.00 per outfit—

The Passing Show tells us that Henry Ford is making cheap engines for airplanes. Unwary pedestrians will soon know what it is to receive bolts from the blue.

If you want your dreams to come true, you must wake up!

Marion Grady—"I think I have a cold or something in my head".
Genevieve Dillon—"Probably a cold".

An open mind may sometimes be too porous to hold a conviction.

Jumpers are in fashion again, says Vogue. For pedestrians, most likely.

"Women are learning to stand on their own feet". Fine. Now we will be able to keep off the feet of the men who have the street car seats.

We understand that the Tolberton twins are seriously considering writing a book called "**Our Lovers**." It will, of course, begin with Chap. I.

Even if saxophone players aren't affected by chest troubles, we feel sure that there is some special punishment reserved for them somewhere.

No, Rosie, love doesn't make the world go round. It just makes people dizzy, so it looks like it.

We students of American history feel sure that Washington would now advise against domestic as well as foreign affairs.

When we consider the quality of America's modern literary output, we don't feel that the five million illiterates are missing very much.

Sister (to the twins): "Do you go to church on Sunday for the sermons or the music?"

Twins: "We go for the hims."

Somehow we have a feeling that those Senior College girls aren't quite so disdainful of the stronger sex as they claim to be. We even have heard that they go under the title of "The Unattached Females."

Just a tip for some energetic reporter of the **Gleam** to get a good story.

A new version of an old story Mahomet married a woman by the name of Hegira. Together they founded a new religion.

Teacher: "What does the poet mean when he speaks of 'bays'."
Genevieve: "Why horses."
Maureen: "No, mules."

Chairman—"Margaret should blow her nose here, I think", (referring to a sad part of the play).

Miss Smith—"No, I am afraid she would break it" (referring to the silence).

The Senior had flunked her physics and had pestered the teacher for some reason. Finally the exasperated teacher said, "Do you know why you have flunked?"
"I haven't an idea".
"Right".

Judge—"How is it that you have no horn on your car?"

Lucille Smith—"Oh, I don't think it necessary. I have a little round

sign on front that says, "Dodge Brothers!"

Sentimental Damsel (on tour of campus, stopping before gigantic tree) "Oh, wonderful elm, if you could speak what would you say to me?"

Erudite Senior: "It would probably say—'Pardon me, but I am an oak'".

Mr. Edison's unpublished requirements of a high school graduate:

1. How many legs has a mosquito? Answer yes or no.

2. Recite the Song of Solomon backwards.

3. At what party did Antony meet Cleopatra?

4. How many molecules of mud are there?

5. Who was the fifteenth king of Siam? Who?

6. What name is the 57597th to appear in the Kansas City Telephone Directory?

7. How high is up?

8. How many scales has a goldfish?

9. How many questions have you answered correctly?

Son—"Father, who first discovered radio?"

Father—Adam, my son, he made a loud speaker out of some of his spare parts.

Child—"Mother, what is the longest sentence in the world?"

Mother—"I do".

Salesman (to man answering his ring at the door): I want to see the head of the house.

Man (after calling loudly, "Mary, Mary" and receiving no answer) Did you say you wanted to see me?

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